



[Private] I want to be that guy again.



Chaz

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MOOD: 😞 depressed

MUSIC: Frida Snell - Valentine's Day

I went by the climbing gym last night, really early, before anybody else was there (The place is dead until 6 on weeknights, and I was counting on that) and hung out with Archie for a while. Talked to him about rehab, and what he did to get back in the game when he busted his ankle bouldering. He suggested I switch to a grigri for belaying for a while, to keep the strain off my wrist once the cast comes off, and that I see how the wrist was doing and maybe tape it up or use an elastic brace when I started climbing again. 'Course, that way he gets to sell me some gear....

I can belay leftie, too, so that's not so bad.

I think my shoulders are healed enough to do a little traversing when the cast comes off. Gotta come back slowly. Amy says those muscles will always be subject to reinjury now. But she thinks I can climb when the cast comes off. And I can reach over my head now.

I think I might tape up both wrists. It can't hurt, and I can't exactly button my cuffs over the marks in a t-shirt. If I can stand the tape. I can just about stand the shirt cuffs. Wristwatch, not so much. And yeah, the gang has totally noticed.

But then I went home and while Hafs and T. and Harpy were at the movie, I held onto the thing last night. Two rounds. Seven seconds and ten seconds. Pretty soon I will not be buying bags of shredded coleslaw cabbage and pre-peeled garlic for my New England boiled dinner, dammit.

Argh. I have got to figure out how not to be available on Saturday for the matinee. Maybe if I meet them for lunch after? I read the reviews. I know the mythology. I so do not want to see that movie. Not this year. Maybe not ever.

No.

I'd be praying for Daphs to figure it out, except I don't want her to know.

Train time tonight, after PT and work. I think I'm starting to get the hang of this.

Is that a good thing, or a bad one? Dunno. But I've got to do it. It's not like the New Normal is going away.

*Everybody's got some pride--
Deep in your pocket or up your sleeve
Believe what you want to
But deep inside the devil knows it's you and me.*

--Semisonic

TAGS: the new normal

[locked] Dream Journal

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning

Elvis doesn't live here anymore.

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't

Poppets. Puppets. Poppet
puppets. Scary.

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